

ELOGIE

On the Ever to be Lamented DEATH

OF

WILLIAM, The Thrid KING of Great BRITTAN,
FRANCE and IRELAND.

PROUD and Imperious Fate, what is thy hate?
To make our state so Suddenly Regrate
His fall, who by a great Victorious Hand,
Releived from Slavery this our Ancient Land,
When it was like to be O'erwhelmed by those,
Who ever were Religions Mortal Foes.
Could neither Man-hood Fortune nor forwardness,
Oppose this dismal stroke, which to expresse
My Muse and Pen can scarcely take in Hand,
Though stir'd up by the most sever command.
Of OIHROPUS whose finger Tyr'd to Spin,
A longer Threed of's Life that he might Reign,
Untill he had his Enemies, and Ours
Fully subdu'd and made the fragrant Flowr's
OF BRITTANS ISLE to flourish as at first,
When Piety and Virtue did our Thrust
All sort of Vice, and made Great BRITTAN be,
Extol'd for Truth and Unanimities.
But since it's so, that Valour can't Revoke,
Of destiny from Mortals such a Stroake
As this by which a Choice and Conquering King,
Is Forced to submit in every thing.
Fate doth require, and in the End lay down
All Joyes Heart can desire with Earthly Crown,
So that none need design their Confidence,
To place into the Best Inheritance,
Earth can afford, for they must soone Remove,
Unto these Mansions provided are above,
For such as do indure unto the End,
The Christian Faith sincerely to defend,
As this our Royal WILLIAM always strove,
With all his might to do in Peace and Love,
Who doubtless now is gone t'enjoy a Crown
Of Everlasting Glory with Renown.